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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909.

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of town as in the city.

Farwell to the Income Tax.

Against the adoption of a constitu-
tional amendment empowering Congress to
impose a tax on incomes we have not a
word to say. If Congress is without au-
thority to impose such a tax, it ought to
be clothed with that authority for use
either in an emergency or for economic
and social purposes, as the national leg-
islature may see fit. During the last Pres-
idential campaign Mr. Taft was fairly
confident that Congress possessed power
to levy an income tax. At a moment
when the passage of an income tax
amendment through the Senate is im-
minent, he conceives it desirable to
plant himself pretty squarely upon
the Democratic platform, which
declares both for an income tax
and for the "submission of a constitu-
tional amendment specifically authoriz-
ing Congress to levy and collect a tax
upon individual and corporate incomes."

Nevertheless, those who believe in
the immediate adoption of taxation
upon incomes as preferable to any
other new form of Federal taxation will
at once perceive that the President's
recommendation of a constitutional
amendment means simply an indefinite
postponement of the income tax ques-
tion, and favorable action, in accordance
with his message signifies defeat for the
income taxers.

Mr. Taft's proposal for a tax on the
net income of corporations, coupled with
a suggestion that the tax may be em-
ployed as an entering wedge for national
supervision of corporate transactions,
raises rather important questions to be
dealt with at the far end of a special
session devoted to tariff legislation. A
tax on corporation dividends may prove
anything but a relief to the consumer,
to say nothing of the small holder of
corporate securities. It may serve the
corporations as a ready excuse for main-
taining high prices of commodities and
of public service. It is conceivable that
the railroads, for example, may find it
possible to recoup a Federal tax from the
shippers of freight. As a practical mea-
sure for shifting the burden of taxation
to the shoulders of the well-to-do, it
bears no comparison with a tax on in-
comes, especially a graduated tax. If the
corporations have got to pay the price
of protection, we judge they will be
thankful to be assessed in such a way
that the tax can be handed down to the
mythical consumer.

"Radium is a powerful stimulant," says
a scientist. Precious little consolation for
"dry" States in that—considering the
price of radium.

Why?

Why do human beings entertain such
a cordial dislike for their great and
good friend, the telephone? It is not
precisely that, perhaps, but why do we
one and all bristle, and almost instinc-
tively, it might be said, get mad when
called upon to use the 'phone in the ordi-
nary course of the day's events?

No one would be without the tele-
phone, or, to say the least of it, one
would not wish to be where it might not
be reached conveniently. It is no longer
a luxury in everyday life—it is a neces-
sity; quite as much so as the street cars,
indeed. And yet the moment the bell
rings we are tempted to snort and grow
impatient and think mean things—maybe
say them. We take down the receiver,
and if everything does not go just so, we
fuss and fume, and grow sarcastic, if not
actually violent. Our tempers are never
quite so short, apparently, as when sum-
moned to the 'phone, except when we are
trying to summon some one else to the
'phone. We go at that snappishly, and if
we fail to get what we want, and get it
right away, we incline to abuse and un-
feeling remarks within the very moment
of our endeavor. Why?

The average male person hates tele-
phoning. He will call to see a business
man and wait, patiently and calmly, in
the anteroom half an hour before seeing
the object of his quest—perhaps much
longer. If he has to wait half a minute
at the 'phone, he all but explodes. An-
other thing man cordially detests is
pronouncing his own name into the trans-
mitter. He will sidestep it and dodge it
to the very last possible ditch. Is John
Smith in? No; John is not in. Well,
who is it at the 'phone? No matter:
John Smith is not in, and that was the
object of the call, was it not? Yes; but
who is at the 'phone? Well, it is not

Smith—and tell who it is he will not,
will not, will not until pushed right up to
the wall, and he just has to. And then
he does tell, grudgingly, and as if he
were cordially ashamed of it. Why?

Nobody knows. The psychological as-
pect of the problem is not to be ex-
plained along rational lines. It is just
that way. Man hates to use a telephone,
and he shows it plainly and often very
rudely. But he would be madder than
ever if he had to do without one. And
yet he oftentimes feels as if he would like
to take an ax and put the thing out of
business forever and forever. Why?

We know one maximum and minimum
thing of which we approve. Mrs. Russell
Sage is giving away a maximum amount
of her fortune, accompanied by a mini-
mum amount of noise.

Birds, Berries, and Cats.

The birds have received a lot of edifying
but nonedible sympathy from Audubon
societies and unorganized friends, who
have opposed their wanton destruction
to make holidays for huntersmen or to
adorn the headgear of the heartless. The
motive of this campaign in their behalf
has not been solely humane or entirely
unselfish. The birds were to be saved,
we were told, not because of their beauty
in living flight, or the animate senti-
mentality of their yearly courtships and nest
buildings, or the melodious charm of their
matin and evening song, but for the strict-
ly utilitarian purpose of eating the in-
sects. Nobody seems to have had any
consideration for the insects in this ar-
rangement. It seems to have been as-
sumed that their natural purpose was to
multiply themselves into food for the
birds. This arrangement may seem a
trifle hard on the insects, but the as-
sumption was that the insects were made
for that purpose.

It is all very well to save the birds from
the pot-hunter and the milliner, but there
is complaint that the birds fail to restrict
themselves to the particular diet for
which their lives are saved. The tooth-
some grub may serve for the substance
of a repast, but the bird demands dessert.
The winged epicure must gratify his
epicurean taste with the juicy strawberry
and the luscious cherry. These are ap-
petites whose gratification threatens the
constancy of friendship. There is such
a thing, although the bird does not know
it, as pushing hospitality too far.

But there is a remedy at hand. The
cycle of nature provides a prayer for
whatever preys. A new and useful field
of usefulness is here opened to the do-
mestic cat. Since the days of old Rame-
ses, when the pampered cat was an object
of worship and the priests of Egypt read
mysteries in the dilations of feline eyes,
the reasons for the being of the ordinary
domestic cat have been obscure. The
trap of commerce is an effective subter-
fuge for his capricious and uncertain
enmity to the mouse and rat. The cat
may harmonize with the reminiscent
solitude of the old maid; but his notorious
lack of affection puts the cat out of the
pale as a domestic pet. His cultivated
and well-groomed graces have won a
fading vogue at cat shows, but they do
not atone for a certain selfishness that
desires adversity and responds only to
creature comforts.

At last there is a way for the cat to
prove his right to existence. An ob-
servant gardener in New England has
discovered that a cat tied in the middle
of a strawberry bed will keep every bird
away. Simultaneously the cat is kept out
of the creamery and at a safe distance
from the cage of the canary. This is a
plan that commends itself to thorough
trial.

Chicago bakers have solemnly agreed
not to enlarge the hole in the doughnut.
That is well, inasmuch as the hole has
all but crowded the doughnut out of ex-
istence, as it is.

A Fiction Too Strange for Truth.

There is an abundant supply of ro-
mance in real life. In this as in every
land, without resort to fiction. A tale
that is receiving a current newspaper
circulation merits permanent retirement
because of its utter impossibility. It has
not even the merit of clever plausibility.
The narrative summarized is that a girl
missed her engagement ring, accused her
fiance of its theft, caused his arrest,
conviction, and imprisonment, found the
ring in a spring hole after twenty years,
hunted up the wrong lover and married him.

Only the persistence of this yarn war-
rants its reduction to the absurd. It is
hard, indeed, to tell the ways of a maid,
let alone those of a youth and maid, but
this particular invention lacks even the
merit of clever device. In the first place,
if the maid really loved the swain, her
sentiment would have implied an element
of respect, founded in feminine perception
of his character, that would have re-
moved him absolutely from the radius of
possible suspicion. But, even if perverted
imagination caused his indictment in her
own mind, she would shrink from ex-
posing to view her own mistake in judg-
ment in accepting a lover so false.
Moreover, if impulse or temporary anger
could mislead her so far as to cause
his arrest, if her femininity were normal,
she would relent if she foresaw his in-
justice, and would seek to clear him by
legal means.

But beyond all this lies the utter im-
credibility of the alleged matrimonial
finale to this weird fiction. Remember
that, in the words of the playwright,
when the curtain rises after the orchestra
has whanged away for five minutes,
twenty long years have elapsed. Think
of the changes they must have wrought.
Time would have written his traces even
more upon the woman than upon the man.
But more than that remains the wild
improbability that any man, after endur-
ing such maltreatment and injustice,
could be a dolt, so utterly devoid of
both intelligence and self-respect as to
marry such a woman. No repentance
could undo the wrong of a folly which,
in itself it should be repeated, is incredible
in normal womanhood. For her the moving
finger has writ, and not all her tears can
erase one word. The only hope for her
lies in the happy probability that years
have taught her wisdom, and that she has
developed into one of those lovely old
maids whose sweetness of temper and

character unite to make them
among the most adorable of their in-
scrutable sex.

A New Haven man claims to be "the
world's champion ichthyologist." He may
be, but he is, plainly enough, not a real
fisherman.

Dayton, Ohio, is Wright foolish with
joy nowadays, and good reason, too.

A circus man declares "the honk honk"
of the automobile horn has become so
familiar that children are no longer in-
terested in the time-honored steam cal-
lopie." By and by, mayhap, we shall
love the automobile for the enemies it
has made.

To tell a woman that "much talking
causes wrinkles" is little short of down-
right cruel. Neither horn of the dilemma
presents any attractive features at all.

Mr. Nathan Straus fears the human
race "is destined for early extinction."
Consumer going to be a myth, sure
enough!

If the corporation tax—which is not yet
the law, gentle reader, by any manner of
means—is decreed by Congress, and it
puts the great majority of corporations
out of business—which it very probably
will not do—what is to become of the
fierce and rampant anti-corporation poli-
tician?

A few years of the darning and patch-
ing life probably would open Mrs. How-
ard Gould's eyes slightly to the meaning
of real, genuine happiness.

"The secret of long life, young ladies,
is not to get married," said an octogen-
arian spinster to a bevy of New York
maids recently. This platform will be re-
garded by the average summer girl as
something in the nature of one of those
meaningless things Senator Bacon speaks
of so eloquently.

The Atlanta Georgian thinks King Ed-
ward should quit betting on horse races.
The Georgian's ground is solid enough
beneath it, but—well, his majesty has just
won something like \$100,000, and the man
who plays the races seldom quits while
ahead of the game.

A Connecticut paper calls attention to
the fact that the House Chaplain used to
be paid more than the Senate Chaplain.
It is generally agreed nowadays, how-
ever, that the Senate is just as much in
need of prayers as the House.

Mr. Aldrich seems perfectly willing to
revise the income tax proposition down-
ward—all the way to zero, in fact.

To put it in the language of the golf
links, Mr. Taft appears to have put the
Senate "insurgents" in something of a
hole.

A Dutch astrologer has cast the horo-
scope of the lovely Princess of Orange,
and she is going to be healthy, and
wealthy, and wise; just as she ought to
be, and as she had to be scheduled, or
business would have been mighty dull in
the future for one Dutch astrologer.

That credulous and hopeful man who
ventures to think the sugar trust will
be good hereafter "without strict gov-
ernment supervision or departmental
prying" is not an optimist so much as
he is a natural-born idiot.

When Congress is revised, it ought to
be upward revision. Not many people
will dispute that, we think—outside of
Congress.

"Broiled 1909 spring chicken" is the
way it reads on a certain restaurant
menu in Washington. The government's
efforts to get things properly and ac-
curately labeled are producing results,
all right.

"It is just as right for a woman to
lose her temper as for a man to lose his,"
says an astute Missouri justice. His
ruling would have been even better, we
think, had it read "just as wrong."

THE BIG STICK

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EVERY SATURDAY.

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ROOSEVELT AEROGRAMS.

On the Quiet, British East Africa.
June 18.—Not much said about my
exploits in the newspapers these
days. Can it be that my great
agents are asleep on their job? Will
investigate at once.

One of my party was attacked by
a lion and injured. It gets monotonous
killing the big fellows and eating
a scrumptious occasionally.

Windows from Nelson W. Aldrich
says that the net earnings of cor-
porations will be taxed. Ain't he
cute? Talk about the T. R. Big
Stick. It ain't in it with the
N. W. A. Convincer.

Pretty hard to kill lions, &c.,
with one hand and eat the trusts
with the other, but I can stand it
as long as the typewriter supply
holds out.

Flash received—My old friend
Cozy is in Washington addressing
a duty on arsenic. I understand
that he is strongly opposed by the
high-tariff outside club.

Ship by Aeroplan Air Line
toward three boxes of letters. I
can dispose of them on my way to
the playgrounds in the jungles.

Have heard that the Chair and the
Kaiser have met and hugged. Johnny
Bull will be worse than imaginary
slingshots. My advice to Conlin John
is to make friends with Harriman,
now that he is in England.

That boy Brown from Ne-
braska is making a good fight for
free print paper and wood pulp. He
has the everlasting thanks of the
management of Outlook and Scrib-
ner. Take that from me.

At last Bryan and I can agree. I
stand for the party platform, gen-
erals, knocs, crack plans, and all
else. That's me.

Special-That fellow who proposes
to hunt wild game in Africa by
balloon is away behind the times. I
have been going up in balloons and
hunting in the air for many, many
days.

There is a kink in the typewriter
cord the wire is on the bum. Rem
me in my next.

THIS JUNE, ANYWAY.

Monday it's drizzling.
Tuesday it's hot.
Wednesday it'sizzling.
Thursday it's chilly.
Friday it's chilly quite.
Saturday it's drizzle.
Sunday it's the crazy month
of the whole year.

Read the Biographe Bugle to-morrow.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ON VACATION.

It certainly surprises me to see the office
get along.
I go away, two weeks to stay, yet
matters don't go very wrong.
It certainly surprises me to see the office
lose a clerk.

Of my estate and wondrous weight and
yet keep up the current work.
You'd think the boss, to fill the gap,
would hire two hunky workers, say;
At least employ a man and boy to do the
work while I'm away.
He doesn't do a blooming thing—a foolish
man, as you'll agree.
Yet things was on when I am gone—it
certainly surprises me.

A Cruel Girl.

Said Cholly-Speech is said to be the
means of concealing thought.

Said Dolly-Well, you have nothing to
conceal.

At the Tailor's.

"And how shall I make your suit, sir?"

"Make it as unlike those fashion plates
as possible."

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"I understand you can buy a good aero-
plane for \$4,000."

"Keep it dark. My wife will be want-
ing one next to wear as a hat."

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For weeks I have been thrifty.

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"Madame, dis bread is purty stale."

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Life must look different from a car-
riage window.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

South Has Hopes of Something Com-
ing This Rooseveltian Creation.

From the Mason Telegraph.

It would appear from the Washington
dispatches that the so-called "Informa-
tion Bureau," which was created for the
purpose of directing immigrants
where there is a scarcity of labor, is not
likely to live much longer. It seems that
the Federation of Labor has delivered a
memorial to the Department of Labor
praying for a favorable consideration of
the abolition of this bureau, which is
objected to as an information agency
maintained at public expense, although it
discriminates against American work-
ingmen in favor of newly landed for-
eigners. The bureau, it is claimed, has
been busy itself chiefly in sending out thou-
sands of postal cards to farmers and
manufacturers asking what kind of im-
migrant labor they may need, and it is
stated that places have been found for
about 5,000 immigrants since the work was
begun.

As President Taft is disposed to abolish
some of the many expensive bureaus and
commissions hastily established under the
previous administration, he will be in-
creased to be influenced by the argu-
ment of the Federation of Labor. We
heartily approve of the President's gen-
eral policy in this matter, but are loath to
lose this particular bureau until after a
thorough test of its usefulness, having
heard that the Southern States might re-
ceive many needed and desirable im-
migrants through its agency.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

The laughing guests have come and gone—
I walked as in a dream.
Was it my handmaid, or my nurse, mine,
That traced the silent seam?

She grew so graceful, slim and tall,
So sweet and maiden-wise,
Yet still for my child-heart looked
From out her wondering eyes.

They say it was the wedding March
I heard the players play!
My little girl, my little girl!
Was all my heart could say.
—Cora Nelson Dobson, in Youth's Companion.

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